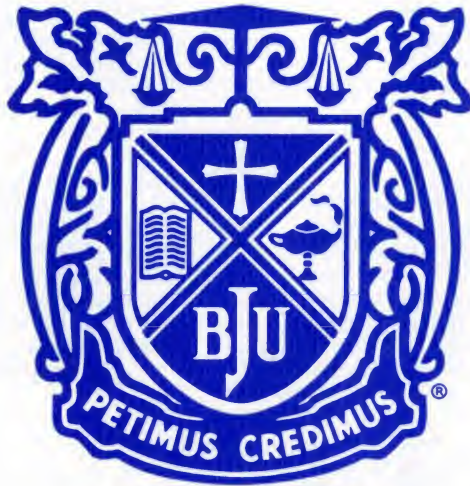


BOB JONES *University*

FORTY-SEVENTH COMMENCEMENT

Baccalaureate Service



Founder's Memorial Amphitorium

May 26, 1974

PRELUDE: Sonata “Our Father Which Art In Heaven”

..... Felix Mendelssohn
David Friberg, Organist

FANFARE

PROCESSIONAL HYMN: Praise Ye the Lord *Bob Jones*

(The congregation will stand.)

1

Hark the song the Stars of Morning
Sang when Heaven was newly made
See the Jewels' fire adorning
The foundations God has laid.
Veils of colors brightly burning
Wreath their banners 'round the throne
While the flaming creatures turning
Weave a pattern tone on tone.

2

“Holy, Holy,” mighty paeons,
Seraph voices raise the cry
Swelling on through endless eons
Echoed back from earth to sky.
“Holy, Holy,” never ceasing
Shall that rainbow music be;
Jubilation's tide increasing
Sweeps across Eternity.

3

From the Valley of Decision
Raised by souls who wrestle there
From the Mount of Nebo's vision
Hark the praises with the prayer.
On the Isle of Revelation
View the exile far from home;
From that Rock of Expectation
Hear his cry, “Lord quickly come.”

4

Lo, the psalms of joy and splendor
From the lips of Jesse's Son!
Lo, the call of Trumpet yonder
Where burnt offering has begun,
Hark the voice of adoration
When upon the battle eve
Nation bows in supplication
Then stands up her praise to give.

5

See them in the court assemble
While God's glory floods the place,
O'er bright harps the fingers tremble
'Till the notes empassioned race
Up and up—and more than mortal
Sounds the last supernal chord.
Beating 'gainst high Heaven's portal
Waves of praises to the Lord.

6

Only once the praise was muted
When upon grim Calvary
Hatred's discord undisputed
Sought to drown the melody
But at last, all doubts defying,
Faith stands looking on the Blood
And in voice of wonder crying,
“Surely this was Son of God!”

7

Join the Alleluias, Christian,
Kind'ling thus your little flame
Mid the darkness of Declension;
Join to praise that worthy Name!
Lift your heart! Your Lord's returning!
Lift your voice in welcoming
Him for Whom your lamp is burning.
Praise your Everlasting King!

Amen.

THE UNIVERSITY CREED:

I believe in the inspiration of the Bible, both the Old and the New Testaments; the creation of man by the direct act of God; the incarnation and virgin birth of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; His identification as the Son of God; His vicarious atonement for the sins of mankind by the shedding of His blood on the cross; the resurrection of His body from the tomb; His power to save men from sin; the new birth through the regeneration by the Holy Spirit; and the gift of eternal life by the grace of God.

GLORIA PATRI:

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!

INVOCATION *Dr. Gilbert Stenholm*
Director of Extension and Ministerial Training

ANTHEM: O Great Is The Depth from *St. Paul* . . . *Felix Mendelssohn*
University Church Choir
Karl Stahl, Director

OFFERTORY: Hyfrydol *T. Frederick Candlyn*

THE SCRIPTURE LESSON *Dr. Bob Jones, Chancellor*

HYMN: Hasten, Servant, to Thy Labor *Bob Jones*
(The congregation will stand.)

1
Hasten, Servant, to thy labor,
Soon the Master comes to ask,
"Was the talent well invested,
Strength full bent unto the task?"
For behold now He comes quickly,
With reward as work shall be;
There are rest and crown awaiting
Him who labors faithfully.

2
Waken, Watchman, to thy vigil,
Lo, the moment draweth near.
In the hour you least expect Him
Will the Son of Man appear—
Noon or midnight, dusk or dawning,
In the twinkling of an eye,
Will the trumpet sound His coming,
Swift as lightning flashes by.

3
Comfort, Christian, in thy sorrow,
Longing for the vanished smile
Of the loved one death hath taken
Lost to thee a little while.
Shout of triumph at His coming
Will that sleeping dust awake
To immortal joy and singing
And a glad reunion make.

4
Boldly, Soldier, to the conflict,
Hosts of Hell around thee rage.
Raise the banner, press the battle,
Let it all thy zeal engage.
When the brightness of His coming
Doth the Victor's palm reveal,
Wound and bruise of bloody warfare
Shall the oil of gladness heal.

Amen.

SOLO: Arise, Shine, for Thy Light is Come *James G. MacDermid*
Judith Friberg

SERMON *Rev. Truman Dollar, Pastor*
Kansas City Baptist Temple
Kansas City, Missouri

RECESSIONAL HYMN: O For a Thousand Tongues . . Charles Wesley

(The congregation will stand,)

1
O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The Triumphs of His grace.

2
My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

3
Jesus! The name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4
He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5
He speaks, and listening to His voice
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6
Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

BENEDICTION *Dr. Marvin Lewis*
Director of Religious Activities

POSTLUDE: Toccata "Thou Art the Rock" *Henri Mulet*